

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.
J. ANOUS SHAW, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and
World for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International
Postal Union.
One Year.....\$3.50 One Year.....\$9.75
One Month......30 One Month......35
VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,993

NOTHING TO DO AT HOME?

SENATOR GORE'S resolution to the effect that "the Congress and the people of the United States would approve and support all reasonable efforts on the part of the President to encourage or to facilitate the establishment of a permanent peace among the warring nations" expresses adequately enough what everybody feels as a matter of course.

Peace resolutions ad lib. are proper enough so long as they do not try to prod the President to hasty action.

But after all, is there nothing else to think about? Is the nation in a state of such industrial calm and tranquillity, are its borders so protected and peaceful and its problems so few that it has really nothing to do but sit around and beg for a chance to straighten out Europe?

Surely Congress has business more pressing than the pleasant pursuit of mediation. Moreover, to most Americans nothing seems less likely than that peace will descend upon the world at some moment when this country isn't looking.

It appears the New York police have been expert wire-tappers for going on twenty-two years.
On with the old debate: Does the end ever justify the means?

THE TAIN.

EVIDENCE brought out at the Casement trial is the very thrilling essence of conspiracy.

The footprints on the sands that startled the Kerry farmer, the empty boat with its tin box and dagger, the pistols picked up by children on the shore, the mysterious tramp vessel steering in with its load of munitions and scuttled when discovered—R. L. Stevenson himself could not have assembled more romantic material. There is even the humorous touch in the Irish peasant girl whose brogue was too rich for the court, but who saw the men who landed from the submarine and pointed out Sir Roger as one of them.

More than ever one cannot but reflect how different it might seem had England been at peace. What glamour might have gathered round an attempt that was all pure patriotism—in which only daring, devoted Irishmen risked everything in a mad, bold stroke for Ireland.

But this was not pure Irish—and there's the ugly thing about it. Behind Casement and the others stalked Germany, urging on Irish patriots to betray their countrymen, using Irish patriotism to fight German battles. The guns were German guns—fellows to those which are killing brave Irishmen in France.

It's no use. Sir Roger and the Dublin rebels can never take their place among history's heroic elect. The world will never give its unmixing admiration to Irish patriotism that played a Kaiser's game.

Now it's Lieut.-Gen. Count Helmuth von Moltke, Chief of the Supplementary General Staff of the German Army, who says the allies are beaten and can do nothing. While the victorious Germans are romping to and fro rearranging Europe.

STATE IT PLAINLY.

ENGLAND'S high-handed seizures of United States mail are to become the subject of immediate further protest.

It is apparently necessary to make it still clearer to the British authorities that mail from the United States to neutral countries is not to be held up or opened for no reason whatsoever; nor can Great Britain continue to detain mail sent from belligerent countries to America without accounting for such action.

Why England should persist in annoying this friendly nation by practices which are of no profit to her, and which, when adhered to, amount to deliberate insult, it is hard to understand. It is to be hoped the next note on the rights of the American mails will be forcible enough to penetrate the British official intellect.

Neutrality has to speak up these days.

No More Klasses and Hugs in Boston Offices.—Headline.
Well, well, times change. Who'd have thought the "Hub" would ever need refrigerating?

Hits From Sharp Wits

After a man has made a failure of everything else, he may succeed with a book on "How to Win Success."

Nobody objects to a man having a hobby as long as he refrains from talking about it.—Albany Journal.

Whether a woman's fat or just plump depends upon whether you are talking to her or about her.—Macon News.

Some people seem to think that every man who takes advantage of an opportunity is an opportunist.—Nashville Banner.

Letters From the People

A Rapid Transit Grievance.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can no one do anything to compel the Interborough Rapid Transit to run express trains on middle track from Bronx Park to One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street? This line is all finished and is used by a railroad company for storage purposes. It takes sometimes thirty minutes from Bronx Park to One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. I think every resident and taxpayer in the Bronx will join me in a protest to compel the railroad company to open the middle track.
H. C.
Yes, Also John Adams.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it true that Thomas Jefferson, who was one of the signers of the

Declaration of Independence, by a remarkable coincidence died on its anniversary, July 4, just fifty years later?
E. T. MILWARD.

Regarding "Egion" Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to "Egion" I wish to state that there are a few fallacies. 1. The farmer only provided for a diversion of 16-14 mules because 1-2-1-3-1-2 only equals 17-14 and 17-14 only equals 16-14. 2. The second fallacy is that after the mules are divided the sons did not get the proper amounts of mules. The first son got 9-17 instead of 1-2, the second got 6-17 instead of 1-3 and the third got 2-17 instead of 1-9 or the total amount of mules.
SAMUEL SCHWARTZ.

The Grab Bag

Copyright, 1916,
By The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
"I was a very busy morning at the office and Mr. Jarr had not had a chance to talk to Jenkins, the bookkeeper, except on business. As the clock struck 12, Mr. Jarr saw Jenkins seize his hat and coat and dart hurriedly out of the office.
"Let's get a table together. I want to talk to you," he said.
"Oh, I won't have time to sit down and eat, let alone talk," replied Jenkins. "I'm just going into the bar and I have a glass of beer and a sandwich."
"But, standing at the bar, in a plastic, graceful position that showed long practice, was Mr. Rangle, friend and neighbor of Mr. Jarr.
"How about that? I'll be-Pals-Getting-Together dinner, or rather luncheon, you fellows were going to have Saturday afternoon?" asked Mr. Rangle.
"I'm afraid we'll have to postpone it," mumbled Jenkins. "Gosh! I've got so much work piled up on me that I guess I'll be working till late Saturday afternoon."
"Well, I'm just as well pleased myself," said Mr. Jarr. "My wife finds it's her mother's birthday, and if we don't call on her in Brooklyn there'll be no living for me. So I guess you fellows will have to count me out."
"I was talking to my wife about it," remarked Rangle. "I thought it was a good thing. I was telling her I was going to propose such a dinner to the fellows where I worked and that I'd go first to the dinner you fellows were giving and get some pointers. But my wife has promised to take the children to a matinee or the moving pictures Saturday. It's the only day that won't interfere with the schoolwork. So I was going to say I couldn't come this Saturday afternoon."
"Oh, it will be just as well some other Saturday," said Mr. Jarr.
After they had eaten their sandwiches the trio parted, Mr. Jarr returning to the office with Jenkins.
"I'll bet a dollar that Johnson will give us the laugh," said Jenkins.
"Oh, what do we care what Johnson says?" replied Mr. Jarr. "It would do him good if he were married and had a wife to look after him. Now, Mr. Jarr is a good fellow. She couldn't help it that it was her mother's birthday and that she had promised we would spend the afternoon and evening with her Saturday, could she?"
"My wife's just the same. She never interferes with any little sport

Lucile, the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
"I WAITED on a plain nut in here this morning, kid," said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaperman tossed the bill of fare aside.
"What was the reason for his nuttiness?" he asked.
"Oh, he had the marriage bug," she continued. "When he came in I noticed he was grinning like a laughing hunch in the circus, and when I amber up to him to acquire his dictation in the eats, he laughs right out."
"Funny, is it?" I ask.
"Not funny," he responds at me. "I'm happy. Going to be married to-morrow night."
"I get you," I says. "You're laughing all you can while you can."
"Not at all," he reverberates. "I'm going to marry the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world."
"He gets obtrusive at once. 'Do you mean to incinerate,' he asks, 'that my finance can't cook?'
"Now, you see, kid, I didn't know a blamed thing about his loving one. My experience has been, however, that we don't lose many customers who marry girls that cook for them. But I had to be diplomatic with this guy, so I just smile, laughingly. 'I wouldn't say that,' I says.
"Well, I should say not," he states. Then he looks proud again. 'She's going to darn my socks, too.'
"Oh, I says, 'so you're going to wear socks, eh?'
"He deserv'd it, kid. Here he is spouting to me about some sweet-heart, when I'm chaffing under the nose of restraint as to get busy and get nuttiness in parvum done. Say, it got him peevish, he says, 'that where I come from we all wear socks and I got the proof.'
"I'll have to have the hole-proof, I slip him. It was a joke, kid, but he ain't in no minor first part humor. Before he can bust and run all over with indignation, I get to him with a query about the fair one.
"What does your lady do for a living?" I ask.
"She's an actress," he says. "The 'Frying Pan Ranch' company."
"And now she's going to leap out of the frying pan into the fire, eh?" says little me, just as a witty point.
"Hoon!" says he. "She's a lucky girl."
"Yes," I says. "So I see. I suppose she was born under a lucky star when the sun and moon was in compliance and Mars and Jupiter was at variance."
"He just looks up and says, 'Bunk, kid!' Then he orders beans and finishes up by saying 'I'm a nut. That makes me rather mad. I give him one look."
"Yes," I says. "You and me are very much alike in that response."
"Just then Lilly, the tow-head, steps up and sets a beer-bottle on the counter.
"What's that for?" asks the bean devotee.
"I thought," replies Lilly, "that one or the other of you might need a nut cracker." Then she laughs a couple of "hee-haw"s and disappears for the kitchen.
"My friend resolves himself into silence while the beans and ketchup race for his internal innards."
"So you think one who is about to be married is unlucky, eh?" asked the newspaperman.
"Sure!" replied Lucile. "The single life is the life for me."
"How 'bout that solitary 'Big Jim' taxi driver, give you?" asked Lilly, the tow-head, appearing on the scene at that point.
"Pay no attention to her, kid," said Lucile. "As for that diamond, I bet it in two one day and it tasted like a lime onelectric that had been sent for and couldn't come. Now, what'll it be, kid, beefsteak or hash? They're both about the same, only different."

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

DEBUTANTE'S motto: When innocence gets the kiss, 'tis folly to be wise.

Love is a rope of pearls which falls apart unless it is held together by the strong cord of mutual respect.

No, Algonquin, marriage is not contagious, merely infectious; but prudence dictates the wisdom of keeping away from weddings at this susceptible season.

Somehow when a man plays golf he seems to forget all his previous faith in theology and to put his trust in swear words.

When a woman could have only one good silk dress and one husband in a lifetime she seemed to take a lot more pains to keep them smooth and bright than she does now that she can exchange them every season or so.

The engagement is the best part of marriage, because it means having all the delight of a man's devotion without having to forage for his meals and all the charm of a woman's companionship without having to pay for her frocks and hats.

No man will believe that there is any woman on earth who wouldn't feel at least flattered and pleased if he should make love to her—and probably there isn't.

A man is perfectly willing to let his wife amuse herself with house-keeping, culture, children, religion, poetry and all that sort of nonsense while he interests himself in golf, baseball, poker and all the really serious things of life.

Many a platonic friendship that might have dicked in the port of matrimony has been wrecked by a storm of sentimental tears.

Husband's motto: A good lie in time saves nine poor eggs next morning.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE BAR SINISTER: By Richard Harding Davis.

THE KID was a bull terrier pup. His father was Regent Royal, a champion. But his mother was a black-and-tan street dog. The Kid took after his bull-terrier sire in looks, and inherited his street-mother's friendliness. The bar-sinister of mongrel blood was stamped upon him, but it did not show outwardly.

He belonged to a drunkard, who used to win money on him in dog-fights. Matched once against a dog twice his size, the Kid could make no headway. His owner, in chagrin, set out to kick the helpless puppy to death. A groom—Nolan by name—rescued him, nursed him back to health, and gave him the first kind treatment the luckless cur had ever known. In return, the Kid adored his new master.

Nolan worked for Mr. Wyndham, at a big country place on Long Island where were a kennel of thoroughbred St. Bernards. The Kid lived in the stable and was very happy. For once, he had caresses instead of kicks, and he thrived splendidly on the new treatment. Miss Dorothy, too, Mr. Wyndham's little daughter, used to come out to the stables to pet him and play with him.

One day Miss Dorothy took him to the kennels. One of the St. Bernards—a champion—attacked her. The Kid flew to her aid. Fixing his teeth in the giant brute's throat, the bull-terrier hung on till the kennel men beat him off.

Then came the annual dog show at Madison Square Garden. And all the best of the Wyndham St. Bernards were made ready for it by special courses of diet and by currying. Miss Dorothy, partly in joke, insisted that Nolan enter the Kid in the show. She paid his entrance fee. Knowing he was a halfbreed, in spite of his thoroughbred appearance, and that some of the greatest bull terriers on earth would be on exhibition at the Garden, neither Nolan nor anybody else had the remotest idea that the Kid could win even the most insignificant prize. Yet, to humor Dorothy, Mr. Wyndham had him sent to New York along with the pedigreed dogs.

Nolan scrubbed and massaged the Kid, and shaved his ears and sand-papered his tail and pipe-clayed his white coat until it was like new snow. Yet he did all this merely in order to make his pet look at his best, knowing full well that the bar-sinister Kid was a rank outsider among thoroughbreds. There were thirty bull terriers in the show, and every one with a pedigree as long as Broadway. The Kid himself knew he had no place there, and he longed to be back in the stable where he belonged.

"Take him away," the judge ordered Nolan, as the bull terriers of the "novice class" were paraded into the ring, "over there and keep him away."

Nolan obeyed. Crestfallen, he and the Kid stood in one corner of the ring as the other dogs in the class were inspected.

"He's my dog," muttered Nolan, patting the poor Kid, "and he suits me. I don't care what no judges think!"

One by one, the judge weeded out the remaining novice dogs, until only two were left. He gave a "second" and a "third" ribbon to the owners of these two, then walked abruptly over to Nolan and handed him—the Blue Ribbon!

The Kid had won first prize in his class.

Nolan was dumfounded. The Kid was yelping and wiggling all over with delight. The judge had bidden Nolan stand to one side because, at a glance, he had recognized that the Kid was by far the finest of the "novices." A man stropped up to Nolan, saying:

"I'll give you \$100 for him."

"He's not for sale," snapped Nolan.

"I'll give you \$500 for him," said another—and got the same answer.

Next came the call for the "Winners Class," and the "firsts" in the various classes of bull-terriers were once more marched into the ring, the Kid with them. Again came the wedding process. At last only two were left, the Kid and the dog that was known from one end of the world to the other as the greatest living bull-terrier.

Long and carefully the judge compared these two. Then he tapped the Kid on the back.

"The better dog," he declared.

A buzz of applause and amazement went up. For the dog the Kid had just beaten was the hitherto unconquered champion, Regent Royal—his own father.

God never made his work for men to mend.—DRYDEN.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CHAPTER XIV.
JULY 26.—I am so tired. Ned is asleep and perhaps I'll write a little while I shall grow sleepy. But it has been the strangest Sunday of my life.

Ned and I were going into the country. He was dressing when the phone rang and I answered it. Patty Kane's voice said excitedly: "Mollie, is that you? Is your husband there? Can he come to my house right away? My doctor is out of town and Babette is so ill. Dan has called out of town last night and I'm all alone with the child. Oh, do come!"

"Of course we'll come at once, dear," I reassured her. "We'll get there as soon as the car will take us. Don't worry." But I hung up the receiver with a pang at my heart, for I knew Babette had never been strong since her birth and she was less than a year old.

I told Ned, first calling up the garage and ordering them to send his little runabout to the house at once. In a few minutes we were on our way to Patty's apartment, two miles farther uptown than our home. Patty herself admitted us, her face white and strained, and Ned went at once to the room where little Babette lay in her crib. Patty accompanied him and I stayed outside with Tom, the three-year-old. He was crying and I took him in my lap and tried to quiet him.

In a few minutes Patty hurried into the room. "It's cholera infantum," she said, her voice breaking over the words. Then she showed me two slips of paper, which I knew had been torn from Ned's prescription pad.

"Mollie," she said tensely, "will you lend me some money? I must have these filled at once, and the druggist with whom Dan has an account is closed on Sunday. I must go else!"

In a few minutes Patty hurried into the room. "It's cholera infantum," she said, her voice breaking over the words. Then she showed me two slips of paper, which I knew had been torn from Ned's prescription pad.

"Mollie," she said tensely, "will you lend me some money? I must have these filled at once, and the druggist with whom Dan has an account is closed on Sunday. I must go else!"

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

A Chinese doctor is only paid when the patient is in good health. A Chinese doctor would starve to death in New York.

It would make it much pleasanter for stenographers if postage stamps were flavored chocolate, vanilla and strawberry.

Two cents a gallon gasoline will now make a ten-dollar fine only cost \$10.02.

A New Orleans man has found a way to stop cigars from breaking in coat pockets by building coats without pockets.

If the engraving is decipherable on an 1882 penny it is worth at least its face value.

Lamb wool is much more valuable in cloth than it is in a stew.